

New Year's Eve

With tenderness I recall the night
when we suspended time
choosing the bed over the world,
the snow a constant curtain
outside the top to bottom window
in the squatted building where
you lived with ten cats
disregarding the logic of retribution

how to name the sweetness of the pomegranate
(for sure born from a solar flower)
its secret juice
drawing furrows to the tongue,
when none of us could even dream fear
years on end sliced by trains
in the opposite direction of desire
repeated oaths with broken words